

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

Eve picked up her rifle. She was trembling violently. Then, mastering her emotion, she walked over to the pack, placed Quintana's rifle and mackinaw in it, coolly hoisted it to her shoulders and buckled it there.

Over her shoulder she kept an eye on Quintana who crouched where he had fallen, unstrapping his deadly eyes watching her.

She placed the muzzle of her rifle against his stomach, rested it so, holding it with one hand, and her finger at the trigger.

At her brief order he turned out both breeches pockets. She herself stooped and drew the Spanish clasp-knife from its sheath at his belt, took a pistol from the holster, another out of his hip pocket. Reaching up and behind her, she dropped these into the pack.

"Maybe," she said slowly, "your ankle is broken. I'll send somebody from Ghost Lake to find you. But whether you're a broken bone or not you'll not go very far, Quintana."

"After I'm gone you'll be able to free yourself. But you can't get away. You'll be followed and caught."

"So if you can walk at all you'd better go in to Ghost Lake and give yourself up."

"It's that or starvation. You've got a watch. Don't stir or touch that trap for half an hour."

"And that's all."

As she moved away toward the Drowned Valley trail she looked back at him. His face was bloodless, his black eyes blazing.

"If ever you come into this forest again," she said, "my father will surely kill you."

To her horror Quintana slowly grinned at her. Then, still grinning, he placed the forefinger of his left hand between his teeth and bit it.

Whatever he meant by the gesture it seemed unclean, horrible; and the girl hurried on, seized with an overwhelming loathing through which a sort of terror pulsated like evil premonition in a heavy and tortured heart.

Straight into the fire of dawn she sped. A pale primrose light glimmered through the woods; trees, bushes, undergrowth turned a dusky purple. Already the few small clouds overhead were edged with fiery rose.

Then, of a sudden, a shaft of flame played over the forest. The sun had risen.

Battering, she searched the sort path for any imprint of her father's foot. And even in the vain search she hoped to find him at home—buried on burdened with two rifles and a pack, still all nervous and aquiver from her encounter with Quintana.

Surely, surely, she thought, if he had missed Quintana in Drowned Valley he would not linger in that ghastly place; he'd come home, call in his men, take counsel perhaps.

Must over Star Pond was dissolving to a golden powder in the blinding glory of the sun. The eastern window-panes in Clinch's Dump glittered as though the rooms inside were all on fire.

Down through withered weeds and scrub she hurried, ran across the grass to the kitchen door which swung ajar under its porch.

"Dad!" she called "Dad!"

Only her own frightened voice echoed in the empty house. She climbed the stairs to his room. The bed lay undisturbed as she had made it. He was not in any of the rooms; there were no signs of him.

Slowly she descended to the kitchen. He was not there. The food she had prepared for him had become cold on a chilled range.

For a long while she stood staring through the window at the sunlight outside. Probably since Quintana had eluded him, he'd come home for something to eat.... Surely, now that Quintana had escaped, Clinch would come back for breakfast.

Eve slipped the pack from her back and laid it on the kitchen table. There was kindling in the wood box. She shook down the cinders, laid a fire, soaked it with kerosene, lighted it, filled the kettle with fresh water.

In the pantry, she cut some ham and found eggs, condensed milk, butter, bread and an apple pie. After she had ground the coffee she placed all these on a tray and carried them into the kitchen.

Now there was nothing more to do until her father came, and she sat down by the kitchen table to wait.

Outside the sunlight was becoming warm and vivid. There had been no frost after all—or, at most, merely a white trace in the shadow—on a fallen plank here and there—but not enough to freeze the ground. And, in the sunshine it all quickly turned to dew, and glittered and sparkled in a million hues and tints like gems—like that handful of jewels she had poured into her father's joined palms—yesterday—there at the ghastly edge of Drowned Valley.

At the memory, and quite mechanically she turned in her chair and drew Quintana's basket pack toward her.

First she lifted out his rifle, examined it, set it against the window sill. Then, one by one, she drew out two pistols, loaded; the numerous Spanish clasp-knives;

an ax; a frypan and a tin pail, and the rolled-up mackinaw.

Under these the pack seemed to contain nothing except food and ammunition; staples in sacks and a few cans—lard, salt, tea—such things.

The cartridge boxes she piled up on the table; the food she tossed into a tin swill bucket.

About the effects of this man it seemed to her as though something unclean lingered. She could scarcely bear to handle them—threw them from her with disgust.

The garment, also—the heavy brown and green mackinaw—she disliked to touch. To throw it out doors was her intention but, as she lifted the coat, it unrolled and some things fell from the pockets to the kitchen table—money, keys, a watch, a flat leather case—

She looked stupidly at the case.



"THEY ARE CARRYING HIM OUT."

It had a coat of arms emblazoned on it.

Still, stupidly and as though dazed, she laid one hand on it, drew it to her, opened it.

The flaming jewel blazed in her face amid a heap of glittering gems.

Still she seemed slow to comprehend—as though understanding were paralyzed.

It was when her eyes fell upon the watch that her heart seemed to stop. Suddenly her stunned sense were lighted as by an infernal flare.... Under the awful blow she swayed upright to her feet, sick with fright, her eyes fixed on her father's watch.

It was still ticking.

She did not know whether she cried out in anguish or was dumb under it. The house seemed to reel around her; under foot too.

When she came to her senses she found herself outside the house, running with her rifle, already entering the woods. But, inside the barrier of trees, something blocked her way, stopped her—a man—her man!

"Eve! In God's name!" he said as she struggled in his arms; but she fought him and strove to tear her body from his embrace.

"They've killed Dad!" she panted—"Quintana killed him. I didn't know—oh, I didn't know! and I let Quintana go! Oh, Jack, Jack, he's at the Place of Pines! I'm going there to shoot him; let me go!—he's killed Dad, I tell you! He had Dad's watch—and the case of jewels—they were in his pack on the kitchen table."

"Let me go!"

"Eve!" He held her rigid a moment in his powerful grip, compelled her dazed, half-crazed eyes to meet his own.

"You must come to your senses," he said, "Listen to what I say: they are bringing in your father."

Her dilated blue eyes never moved from his.

"We found him in Drowned Valley at sunrise," said Stormont quietly. "The men are only a few

rods behind me. They are carrying him out."

Her lips made a word without sound.

"Yes," said Stormont in a low voice.

There was a sound in the woods behind them. Stormont turned. Far away down the trail the men came into sight.

Then the State Trooper turned the gray very gently and placed one arm around her shoulders.

Very slowly they descended the hill together. His equipment was shining in the morning sun; and the sun fell on Eve's drooping head, turning her chestnut hair to fiery gold.

An hour later Trooper Stormont was at the Place of Pines.

There was nothing there except an empty trap and the ashes of the dying fire beyond.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

BAXTER

Lecture Course

A lecture course consisting of three features will be sponsored by the Baxter School this year. The three numbers include one musical feature, a performance of magic and a lecture. The tickets sell for \$1.50 each.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Robey and family attended the golden wedding celebration held at the home of the former's parents at Lowesville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wilson were guests at the home of N. Wilson at Pharaoh Sunday.

L. C. Morris was in Baxter yesterday to assist in the work at the polls.

Mrs. Jane Hoult visited in Farmington Monday.

"Catsy" Morris visited S. Post Monday evening.

Mrs. Nettie Wilson attended the Hood Golden Wedding celebration held at Lowesville Saturday.

A number of people from Baxter will attend the senior minstrel of the Rivesville High School tomorrow evening at Rivesville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis visited James Davis Sunday.

Charles Sales visited at Gray's Flat Sunday evening.

Harry Wilson returned here yesterday to vote.

The Misses Hazel Wilson, Ethel Wilson and Grace Morris and Steve Verog visited at the home of S. Wilson Sunday evening.

Hezekiah Morris was a business visitor in Fairmont Monday.

The Misses Reva Matheny, Mabel Clayton and Hazel Wilson attended the teachers' meeting at Fairview Saturday.

Mrs. Ida Hall of Fairview visited her sister, Mrs. Charles Toothman Sunday.

Miss Virginia Wilson was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Ira Culp Saturday.

Mrs. Larnie Morris has been ill at her home here for the past week suffering with neuralgia.

A class meeting will be held at the church this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. John Toothman visited her mother, Mrs. Millie Morris, Friday evening.

Mrs. W. R. Clayton and Mrs. Elmer Floyd attended the parent-teacher meeting at Rivesville Friday evening.

The Billy Kerr Bible Class will meet at the home of S. Wilson Friday evening.

The Social Bible Class will meet at the home of W. R. Clayton Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brock visited at the home of Mrs. Nettie Wilson Monday evening.

S. Bowman and Mary Post motored here Sunday.

Worth Alkire of Barrackville was the guest of J. H. Toothman at an oyster fry Friday evening.

Miss Leonore Lough of Fairmont was the guest of Miss Olive Clayton Sunday.

Bob Sloan, Opal Smith and Wallace Smith were the guests of Marie Toothman Sunday evening.

Ira Culp was a business visitor in Fairmont Saturday.

EARLY REPORTS IN STATE SHOW VOTE FOR JUDGE CLOSE

Possibility of Election of Meredith Evident This Morning in Reports.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 8.—Republican members of West Virginia's delegation in Congress with two exceptions were facing possibilities of defeat of their hopes for re-election today, as a result of the flood of Democratic votes that poured out yesterday.

Senator Davis Elkins was not a candidate, but his colleague, Senator Howard Sutherland, had to overcome M. M. Neely's 12,000 vote lead, in order to retain his seat, and less than one-third of the precincts remained to be counted.

Of the House members from this state, all of whom were Republican candidates for re-election, B. L. Rosenbloom of Wheeling, in the First District, was the only one who was assured of returning to Washington as a representative. In four of the districts the present Congressmen were running behind the Democratic candidates, whose leads varied from 1,000 to 4,000 with many precincts yet to be counted.

In the third district Representative Stewart Reed was leading State Senator E. H. Morton by exactly 2,000 when reports from sixty-three precincts in the district were missing.

The only office appearing on the state ticket on the off year, that of Supreme Court judge, to fill an unexpired term was subject to a much closer contest than that for the United States senatorship. W. Z. McGinnis was only 1,300 ahead of Judge James A. Meredith, at present a member of the court by the governor's appointment.

The Democratic votes showed an effect also on the Legislature where it was evident that the overwhelming majority of the Republicans in the last Senate would be greatly reduced, while the Democrats expected to gain control of the House.

of Delegates, in view of gains in members there.

Wayne Favore Neely.

HUNTINGTON, Nov. 8.—Twenty-two precincts out of thirty-five in Wayne County gave Neely a majority of 685 over Sutherland.

With only seven precincts missing a lead of 650 is recorded against moving the courthouse from Wayne to Kenova.

Four Democrats Elected.

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., Nov. 8.—Harrison County closes as follows for the House of Delegates: C. W. Davison, (D), Ray W. Garvin, (D), John Patton, (D), E. L. Righter, (D).

BELLVIEW

Birthday Party

Saturday evening Mrs. Carl Stutler, who resides on Highland avenue, was given a surprise birthday party by a number of her friends. The surprise was a great success as the honor guest was in complete ignorance of the affair until she returned from a short call and found the guests assembled. Refreshments were served the guests.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Arnett and son Harold, Mr. and Mrs. Arnett, Mr. and Mrs. Arlie Arnett all of Fairview and the following local people: Mrs. John Ambrose, Mrs. Martha Wining, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Tiller Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney Arnett, Mrs. Harry Moore and two sons, Harold and Jarvis Burns, Miss Jennie Cannell, Miss Lois Rutherford, Miss Gail Arnett, Miss Eleanor Straight, Mrs. Ellen Straight, Miss Hazel Double, Miss Vada Austin and Mrs. G. F. Mahaffey.

Children III

Clemmens and Walter small sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Hupp.

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6.95

Golden Bros On Golden Corner Fairmont

of Bellview avenue have been ill for the past few days with symptoms of typhoid fever. Miss Gertrude Anderson, a trained nurse arrived from Morgantown Sunday evening and is present in the Hupp home to assist with the care of the patient.

Dinner Guests

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrifield of Murray avenue entertained a number of guests at a 12 o'clock dinner last Sunday. Covers were laid for Mrs. S. L. Merrifield of Watson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Merrifield and children, Milford and Elizabeth, Glen Slocott and Little son Billy of Clarksburg, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Merrifield and two children and Miss Dorothy Lake of the East Side.

Bible Class

Members of the Worth White Bible Class will be entertained Thursday evening at the home of Miss Mattie Miller on Pennsylvania avenue. The class met last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bradley on Naomi street.

Sunday Guests

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney Arnett had as their guests last Sunday

Johnat Brock and Morris Fox of Brock, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. O. Arnett, Mrs. Arlie Arnett of Fairview and Howard Myers of Carlton street. At 12 o'clock dinner was served the guests.

Relatives III

Mrs. Fred Wittman left this evening for Weston in response to a message stating the illness of a niece and nephew children of Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Fornash.

Personals

Mrs. E. J. Hunsaker and Mrs. Elizabeth Harris were at Lowesville last Sunday to attend the golden wedding anniversary of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John Hood.

Mrs. Fred Harter and children of Alexander, Pa., were here over Sunday for a visit with relatives. The Misses Irene Alitto and Helen Cove of Kingmont and Miss Josephine Merrifield of Jothsville were the guests of Miss Ger-

trade Merrifield over the weekend.

Mrs. Albert Kirk of Dakota returned recently from a visit with relatives at Cumberland, Md.

Miss Retta Varner spent Sunday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brownlee of Barrackville. Brooks Gallagher of Morgantown, was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Rutherford on Highland avenue Sunday.

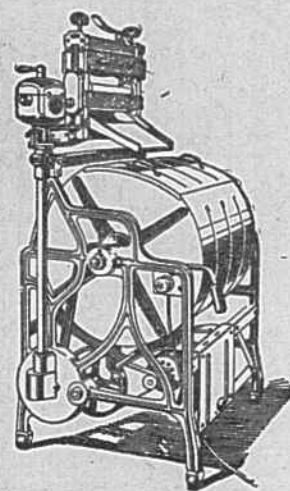
H. R. Sayre was the guest of friends at Clarksburg over Sunday.

Albert Kirk and Joe Sidwell are home from a hunting trip of a few days in the eastern part of the state.

Mrs. R. C. Meserve spent Sunday as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Renolds of Watson.

Mrs. and Mrs. Willie Ash of Grafton, who have been visiting relatives here, returned home recently.

Miss Georgia Williams, who is a typhoid patient at Cook Hospital is improving at this time.



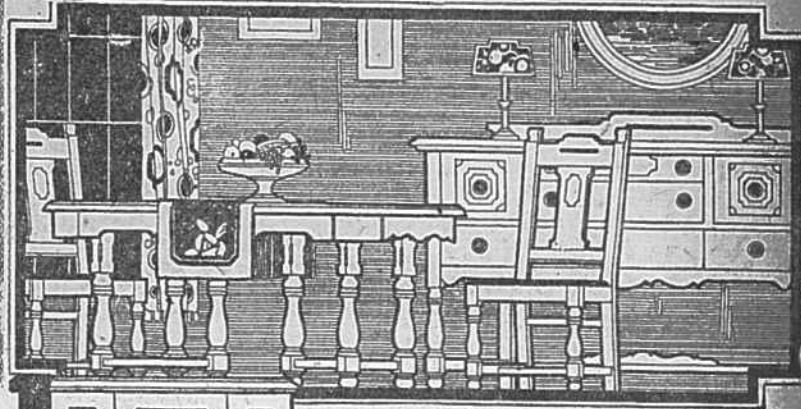
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